

*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

*All deere natures children: sweete-  
Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes fete  
Blessing their sence.  
Not an angle of the aire,  
Bird melodious, or bird faire,  
Is absent hence.*

*Strew  
Flowers.*

*The Crow, the flaunders Cuckoe, nor  
The boding Raven, nor Clough hee  
Nor chattring Pie,  
May on our Bridehouse pearch or sing,  
Or with them any discord bring  
But from it fly.*

*Enter 3. Queenes in Blacke, with vailles stained, with impe-  
riall Crownes. The 1. Quene fals downe at the foote of  
Thesew; The 2. fals downe at the foote of Hypolita. The  
3. before Emilia.*

*1. Qu. For pitties sake and true gentilities,  
Heare, and respect me.*

*2. Qu. For your Mothers sake,  
And as you wish your womb may thrive with faire ones,  
Heare and respect me,*

*3. Qu. Now for the love of him whom Love hath marked  
The honour of your Bed, and for the sake  
Of cleere virginity, be Advocate  
For us, and our distresses: This good deede  
Shall raze you out o'th Booke of Trespasies  
All you are set downe there.*

*Thesew. Sad Lady life.*

*Hypol. Stand up.*

*Emil. No knees to me.  
What woman I may steed that is distrest,  
Does bind me to her.*

*Thes. What's your request? Deliver you for all.*

*1. Qu. We are 3. Queenes, whose Sovereignes fel before  
The wrath of cruell Creon; who endured  
The Beakes of Ravens, Tallents of the Knights,*

*And*

*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

*And pecks of Crowes, in the fowl  
He will not suffer us to burne their  
To urne their ashes, nor to take th'  
Of mortall loathsomeenes from the  
Of holy Phabus, but infects the w  
With stench of our flaine Lords. O  
Thou purger of the earth, draw th  
That does good turnes to'th worl  
Of our dead Kings, that we may Ch  
And of thy boundles goodnes take  
That for our crowned heades we h  
Save this which is the Lyons, and t  
And vault to every thing.*

*Thes. Pray you kneele not,  
I was transported with your Spee  
Your knees to wrong themselves;  
Of your dead Lords, which gives u  
As wakes my vengeance, and rev  
King Capaneus, was your Lord t  
That he should marry you, at suc  
As now it is with me, I met your C  
By Mars's Altar, you were that  
Nor Iunos Mantle fairer then you  
Nor in more bounty spread her. Y  
Was then nor threasld, nor blaste  
Dimpled her Cheeke with smiles  
(Then weaker than your eies) laid  
He tumbled downe upon his Nen  
And swore his sinews thawd: O g  
Fcarefull consumers, you will all d  
I, Qu. O I hope some God,  
Some God hath put his mercy in  
Whereto hee infuse powre, and p  
Our undertaker.*

*Thes. O no knes, none Widd  
Vnto the Helmeted-Belona use t  
And pray for me your Souldier.  
Troubled I am.*

*B 2*